

ARMY SONGS

OH, THE BLOOD!
Tune.—Oh, the blood, 56; Now I can read, 54; Song Book, 495.
It is the blood that washes white,
That makes me pure within,
That keeps the inward witness right,
That cleanses from all sin.

Chorus.

Oh, the blood to me so dear.
It is the blood that sweeps away
The power of Satan's rod,
That shows the new and living way,
That leads to Heaven and God.

It is the blood that brings us high
To holiness and Heaven,
The source of victory and joy—
God's life for rebels given.

I AM THINE.

Tunes.—Room for Jesus, 153; Song Book, 452.
Mine to rise when Thou dost call

Lifelong though the journey be;
Thine to measure all its windings,
Leading step by step to Thee.

Chorus.

I am Thine, O Lord and Master,
Thine to follow to the end
Thou art mine, O Christ, my
Saviour,
Guide and Helper, Lover, Friend.

Mine to follow, even blindly,
Thine, O Christ, to go before!
Mine to try and scale the barrier,
Thine to fling an open door.

Thine the sealing and revealing
All the outcome of my vow;
As I give Thee soul and body,
Mine no longer—Thine just now.

TAKE ALL I HAVE.

Tunes.—Ronssean, 89; Song Book, 453.

If so poor a soul as I may to Thy
great glory live,
All my actions sanctify, all my
words and thoughts receive;
Chain me for Thy service, claim all
I have and all I am.

Take my soul and body's powers,
take my memory, mind, and
will,
All my goods, and all my hours, all
I know, and all I feel,
All I think or speak or do; take my
heart—but make it new!

COME, YE SINNERS.

Tunes.—He is bringing, 166; Song Book, 44.

Come, ye sinners, drifting down-
wards,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you;
Full of pity, love, and power!
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requires
is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you:
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mired by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

In many parts of the world where
the people are only partly civilized,
there is no copper, silver, or gold
money; beads, shells, skins, and
other articles, taking the place of it.

COMING EVENTS

THE COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS

West Toronto.—Sunday, Jan. 3.
Territorial Headquarters.—Officers' Council, Tuesday, Jan. 5.
Parliament Street.—Thursday, Jan. 7.
Young People's Local Officers' Council, Toronto and Training College Divisions united.
Parliament Street.—Friday, Jan. 8.
United Holiness Meeting, Training College Division.

Riverdale.—Sunday, Jan. 10.
Temple.—Tuesday, Jan. 12.
United Soldiers' Meeting, Toronto and Training College Divisions.
London.—Jan. 16-17.
St. Thomas.—Monday, Jan. 18.
Woodstock.—Tuesday, Jan. 19.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

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LIEUT.-COLONEL HARGRAVE

West Toronto, Jan. 3; Parliament St. (Y. P. Local Officers' Council), Jan. 7; Riverdale, Jan. 10.

LIEUT.-COL. & MRS. SMEETON

Chester, Jan. 3.

BRIGADIER MORRIS.

St. Mary's, Jan. 9-10.

BRIGADIER ADBY.

Berlin, Jan. 9-10; Hespeler, Jan. 11; Hamilton 11, Jan. 14.

MAJOR ARNOLD.

Chester, Jan. 3.

THE CANADIAN STAFF SONGSTERS.

Chester, Jan. 3.

Captain Little.

Aurora, Jan. 16-17.

Envoy Brewer Brown.

Kemptville, Jan. 2-11 (inclusive).

The Industrial Corps.

Teensmelt St., Jan. 14.

At the Toronto Children's Home they had a very happy time at Christmas. Mrs. Gooderham, a warm friend of the Army, provided a number of good things for the little ones, which they greatly enjoyed.

The Lyttelton Juniors took part in carrying Christmas cheer to the prisoners this year. On Saturday, Dec. 26th, they went to the Central Prison, Toronto, and gave a nice programme of recitations, songs, dialogues, etc., and on New Year's Day they visited Thornhill Prison Farm.

We regret that an error crept into a recent "War-Cry." We stated that Lieutenant Parly was stationed at Prince Rupert. It should have been Captain. A thousand pardons.

ACTRESS AND BARMAID

She Led a Fast Life, But Got Saved Through the Army.

A young woman had been on the stage for four years, and then took a position as a barmaid (writes the Matron of a Rescue Home). From that she drifted into the streets. She was a fine girl, only twenty-five years of age, and had a very fair education, sings and plays very nicely. From the age of sixteen, when she ran away from her home, she had led a fast life, and became a terrible smoker. She lost touch with all her people, and we have had great trouble with this girl.

After some time, however, she came to herself, and put effort behind her, to get better. To day she is doing well. She has been in the situation in which we placed her for twelve months, and given every satisfaction. She has asked to be employed as a Soldier. "The Victory."

KINDNESS OF A GERMAN SOLDIER.

Soothes Dying Moments of an Englishman.

Corporal Hamilton, of the Seaforth Highlanders, who has returned to England wounded, gives the following description of a German's kindness to a wounded British soldier:—"After Soissons, I was lying on the field badly wounded. Near by was a young fellow of the Northamptonshire Regiment. Standing over him was a German infantryman holding a water bottle to his lips and trying to soothe him. The wounded man was delicious and kept calling, 'Mother, are you there?' all the time. The German seemed to understand, for he passed his hand gently over the forehead, and caressed the poor lad as tenderly as any woman might have done. Death came at last, and as the soul of the wounded man passed to its last account I saw the German trying to hide his tears."

NO MORE BAD WORDS.

A sister who had recently been converted, stood up at the testimony meeting the other evening and said: "The other day I was carrying a bucket of coals up the stairs, when I accidentally let them fall. My mistress, hearing the noise looked out, and knowing my mischievous character, before conversion said, 'Now, Bessie, say a few bad words.' But the Lord gave me the victory, and I said, 'No, I won't say bad words, I will say, Praise the Lord'; and praise the Lord she did. Speaking of this comrade, her sister, with whom she lived, said that before her conversion, she seemed to be growing worse and worse every day, and appeared full of mischief, 'everytime she came home from her work, but now she is out and out for Jesus, and attends most all outside and inside meetings."

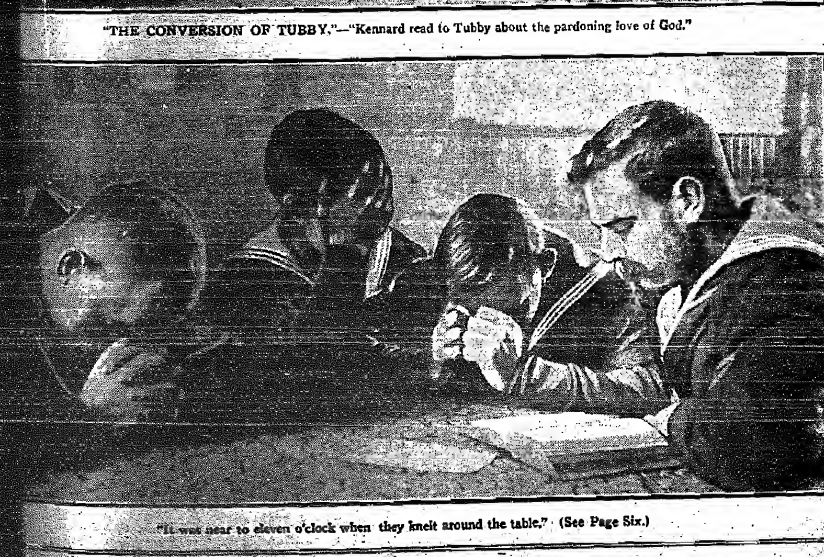
Bandman Gooch, of Dovercourt (Toronto), has become leader of the newly-formed Dovercourt Young People's Band, which sprang a great surprise on the audience at the Dovercourt Christmas Entertainment, by giving a half-hour musical prior to the entertainment proper. They made a grand success. Their excellent playing speaks well for the untiring work of Bandman Gooch and his assistant, Bandman Albert Brook. There are, in all, twenty boys. All have made good in No. 1 Band Book and the Leader has decided to try Band Book No. 11. They hope soon to be commissioned, so that they may assist at the Young People's meetings regularly.—J. R.

WAR CRY

SPECIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

Headquarters: 102 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C. Territorial Headquarters: James and Albert Sts., Toronto.

No. 16. Bramwell Booth, General. TORONTO, JANUARY, 16, 1915. W. J. Richards, Commissioner. Price Five Cents.



A recent Headquarters Fortnightly Meeting, the subject of prevailing prayer was dealt with by the speakers. The Commissioner spoke on "Prayers That Prevailed," and in the course of an interesting and faith-promoting address, said:

"God—I say it reverently—cannot help answering the right kind of prayer. He has pledged His ear for the answering of prayer, and so arranged His own law that He cannot help Himself—He is bound to answer prayer."

The Commissioner supported this contention by citing several cases from the Old and New Testaments. Here is one:

"Look at the centurion: he came to the Lord and prayed for some one else—his servant. He said to the Lord, 'I do not want you to trouble to come in my house. If you will only speak the word, it shall be done; for speaking in the verbiage, I also am a man accustomed to give orders. I know when I issue instructions to my soldiers, they at once carry them out. If you will give instructions to the disease to leave my servant, it will be sufficient—and my servant will live.'"

Intercessory Prayer.

"Now, this is an intercessory prayer, and it is of great encouragement to us Salvationists who pray so much for others. The servant did not ask the Lord to heal him; he was too sick to travel. So the sinners, backsliders, and the world round about us, are spiritually sick and cannot ask that God may give them His Holy Spirit, that they may pray for healing; therefore, it is up to us to pray on their behalf; and if we intercede for them as believingly and as earnestly as the centurion did for his servant, God is bound to answer. Christ began to speak to those about Him concerning other things, but the centurion stuck to the point and the Lord to heal his servant. I fancy I see a smile of love light up the face of the World's Redeemer as He turns to the centurion and says to him, 'Go thy way, and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee.' We know the result. The servant was healed in that saltpetre hour."

The Commissioner, however, did not confine himself to Scriptural

Does God Answer Prayer?

THE COMMISSIONER, WITH ALL REVERENCE, SAYS GOD IS BOUND TO HONOUR HIS OWN WORD.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY

examples of prevailing prayer. From his well-stored mind he drew forth numbers of convincing and highly interesting cases in point. The following illustrates the necessity of unity in prayer:

"In Southport, England, a Methodist Conference was held some eight years ago, and the much-beloved president came to it without a voice. He was quite speechless, and this important conference was in front of him. All the ministers were of one mind, and that was that they should pray for the president. Earnestly they urged that the prayer of faith should heal the sick. At half-past three they began their prayers for the president, and that evening the president, who, earlier in the day, could not even whisper, addressed an audience of twenty-five hundred persons with his accustomed vigour, and he is at his work of preaching the Gospel to this day. In all that great conference there was not one who doubted but that God had raised up the president in answer to prayer."

The G. Trombone.

The following remarkable narrative was taken from the Commissioner's own experience: "An incident happened at one of my Corps where there only were two Soldiers. One told me that the other had gone to church, and he was thinking about doing the same. This was a very hard place. We prayed for the Lord to save souls, and a revival began. The Corps became some sixty or seventy strong, when we thought we should like a Brass Band. At that time there were only about two Bands in the whole of England. But we could not afford to wait to get people to learn. So I said to the comrades, 'Let us pray that the Lord will save Bandmasters.' They stood and prayed at the open-air, at home, and at the meeting. One day I was going down a street and presently I saw in a to-

bacconist's shop window a G. Trombone. So I went into the shop, and said, 'What's the price of that trombone?' 'Seven and sixpence,' was the reply. 'Well,' I said, 'here's half a crown; that's all I have got.' 'He was going to put it away,' I said, 'God sent me to this street to get that trombone.' Whereupon he hastily said, 'Then for God's sake take it.'"

A Last Visit.

"That night I was at the front of the procession, playing my G. Trombone. I should like, in parenthesis, to say that when we were leaving South Africa, an old gentleman with white hair and snow-white beard came to bid us good-bye. He said, 'Do you remember coming to visit to me and buying a G. Trombone?' I replied that I did. Thereupon he said, 'I am the man who said it to you. You frightened me! But God saved me, and I have been playing that story here for sixteen years! But what I meant to tell you. We were all praying for the Lord to save a Bandmaster. We had got thirteen Bands saved, but had no instruments, nor no Bandmasters. My wife and I were going down town late one night, and we passed a little shop, the window of which contained all kinds of things—books, stay-laces, buttons, red herrings, marbles, and about six million ties at the bottom. My wife went on to a little purchase. I went on to our Quarters. As we were saving our tea, my wife seemed sad. I saw something was up, and I said, 'What is it?' She said, 'When I went into that little shop, a man was sitting there with a pint of beer. He looked like a degraded man, and his poor wife and children seemed frightened. He said to me: "Here, missus, see this pint of beer. I am glad you came, for it's the last pint of beer I am going to drink! I was hearing your mad husband, who said, "Don't dabble with the drink!" Now, the

girl, and now Estelle is in an Army Home for

being, perhaps, the greatest orator this world has ever known. He, to begin with, had a weak voice and stammered to such a degree that there were some letters he could not pronounce; he had defective breathing and uncontrollable nervousness—and he had character.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE EFFORTS. Demosthenes said he would be an orator, and he became one. His efforts to overcome his natural defects, says the historian, "seem almost incredible, but he did it."

Here is what some one has written about monkeys:—

"If you watch a monkey in the forest, as Kipling tells you, you see him seize a small bunch of something and look at it carefully."

"If you did not know monkeys, you would say to yourself, 'He will keep that piece of wood and make something very useful out of it.'"

"The monkey holds the branch a moment, then breaks it in two, just as thoughtfully and solemnly as he previously studied it, drops the two pieces to the ground, moves a little further along, and does something else without meaning."

"In the Zoological Gardens the children see in the monkey cages the animals that have, apparently a little thought, but no character."

"They pick up a piece of orange peel, drop it. They jump to the side of the cage, shake the wire violently, then suddenly subside, and are quiet."

"They start a thousand things in the course of a day, finish nothing. And when they go to sleep with their arms folded over their heads, they are the characterless monkeys that they were the day they were born."

Many people accomplish little more than monkeys. They begin a thousand things, and say they will accomplish much, and they do no one thing. They have no character.

What are you? a man with character or, like a monkey, without?

A characterless man can become a person of strong character—and do things.

GREATEST FACTOR IN CHARACTER-FORMING.

Love is the greatest factor we know of in the forming of character.

It was the love of God and humanity that tempered the character of William Booth, John Wesley, and Martin Luther.

It was love of the beautiful that made Helen Keller victor over her infirmities. It was love of country—patriotism—that made Demosthenes overcome his deficiencies, so that Philip of Macedonia, who made war against Athens, declared the eloquence of Demosthenes alone did him more hurt than all the armies and fleets of the Athenians.

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Soft metal is easier to engrave than hard. (Continued on Page 6.)

CHARACTER

One of the WATCHWORDS FOR 1914 given by the Commissioner at the Watch Night Service in the Toronto Temple was CHARACTER. This article by the Editor is an endeavour to show what Character is and how it may be possessed

BE A PIECE OF ENGRAVED STEEL, STAMPING SALVATION UPON THE WORLD AND YOUR FELLOWS. BEGIN TO LIVE A LIFE OF HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD NOW

WANT TO CHARACTER? MUST AND AT YOUR-STEADILY. YOU BE-NOW TO LIVE A CHARACTER?

WHAT IS CHARACTER?

This is the dictionary definition: "The aggregate of peculiar qualities which constitute personal or national character." A writer has given us another and it is good:—

"A pure Greek word, comes to us from the Greek thinkers and writers of two thousand years ago. It is made of two characters, 'en' meaning 'to engrave' and 'graven' meaning 'that which your life, your habits, ENGRAVE upon YOU'."

THE RESULT of character is that impresses you in your life, ENGRAVE upon the men and women in it.

THE CHARACTER in a man. And the character in a book, the character the printers set in line to express

of engraved characters stand to the man, an engraved, image, a stamp upon his day and his character that is his.

"After I got to the shop and said, 'What's the price of that trombone?' 'Seven and sixpence,' was the reply. 'Well,' I said, 'here's half a crown; that's all I have got.' 'He was going to put it away,' I said, 'God sent me to this street to get that trombone.' Whereupon he hastily said, 'Then for God's sake take it.'"

THE READIEST EXAMPLE. The readiest example that comes to mind is the glorified Army. So far as we can see no one who saw him in the flesh; and who never knew him."

THE WRITER once saw some pictures in a London shop—well-drawn and delicately-coloured water-colour paintings.

They were the work of a man who was born without arms, whose legs were paralyzed so that he had to be wheeled about in a chair. To paint those pictures he had to hold the brush in his teeth. But he did it—and painted so exquisitely that Queen Alexandra bought his pictures to hang in her palace. What an exhibition of character!

Helen Keller is deaf, dumb, and blind—but she has character. This lady has so worked at herself that she is one of the best-educated and most-intelligent people in the world; she has cultivated her voice until she can not only speak in English, French, and German, but sing as well.

Who was Demosthenes? He was an Athenian who lived three hundred and eighty years before Christ, and is renowned

for his world figures; men who have lived for ages of time will not efface the memory of his gravest. Protestantism, and The Salvation Army are the God of these immigrants.

WHAT YOU CAN DO. It is that which you can make a mark of on the world; the environment, with the people and things of the office, in your shop, the factory, the Corps, and



"They are the characterless monkeys that they were the day they were born."

Let the effect of your character be felt there.

"What is character?"

"To say, 'I will do a thing,' and then to do it."

—THAT IS CHARACTER.

"To undertake an accomplishment and then follow it day after day, early and late, to the bitter end, and to success—THAT IS CHARACTER."

"To listen carefully to others, weighing opinions, accepting new truths, listening to advice, and then deciding for yourself—THAT IS CHARACTER."

"To map out your own line and follow it, and yet be ever ready to profit by the experience of those that have gone the path before you—THAT IS CHARACTER."

"Energy, persistency, honesty, moral courage, constancy and justice, and above all, HOLINESS—these are the stones in the wall of character."

To do a thing in the face of terrible difficulties is a revelation of character.

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"You can build up a character as firm as a granite breakwater."

THE WEEK'S BEST STORY.

SELECTED FROM THE ARMY'S PRESS

The Step-Mother's Story

WAS VERY DIFFERENT TO ESTELLE'S—SO THEY PARTED, GREATLY TO THE LATTER'S BENEFIT.

"SHE is very pretty, only sixteen, is going to the devil fast, and has a shocking character. I have done everything in my power, but have no control over her."

Such was the step-mother's side of the story, and the Adjutant determined to try and find Estelle in a quiet way, but could not.

Hearing that Estelle was supposed to be keeping company with a young man, and where they were likely to meet, the Adjutant and Ensign determined to seek her out; but no trace appeared at the appointed place.

It was raining heavily, but nothing daunted, they determined to try and gain some information, so stepped up to the police, and found that they had already heard of Estelle through the step-mother, who had told the Adjutant she didn't want the police to know as it would get into the papers.

That there was something wrong, the Officers were sure, and decided to find Estelle, and hear her side of the story.

Seeing two girls strolling up and down in the rain, the Adjutant and Ensign, and found that they knew Estelle, and that she was exceedingly ill-treated by her step-mother, who also was her aunt.

Satisfied for one night, the two Officers returned to the Shelter, and just as the Adjutant was preparing for rest, the Ensign came and acquainted her of the startling fact that Estelle was downstairs!

She had cleared out from her step-mother's house on the Thursday, and that lady was very angry indeed; but Estelle could stand her ill-treatment no longer, and had been staying in an Army Institution ever since.

Small wonder, then, that the question for her in place of sin had failed

but Estelle's step-mother hated her because she (Estelle) knew of her disgraceful behaviour, and there were some things the step-mother wanted to hide from the world's knowledge.

So the Captain had sent Estelle down to the Police Court Officer, thinking it strange that a young and pretty girl should be alone and unprotected, and very willingly she was taken in at the Shelter, pending further enquiries, and the story Estelle told revealed the fact that the woman who bore her the name of her step-mother and aunt was indeed no fit person to have charge of a young girl.

Quickly Estelle remained at the Shelter the next day, and at night the step-mother again appeared to the Officers, little knowing Estelle was then in the next room.

So Estelle faced her, and accused her of ill-treatment and disgraceful living, backed up now by the Army Officers and the secretary for protection against cruelty to children; the latter declaring the girl would be left right if left in the Army's care.

But the step-mother objected, and wanted Estelle to go to another home, else she would wash her hands of her.

And a good thing she did, too, for the Adjutant declared her intention of being a sister to the friendless

girl, and now Estelle is in an Army Home for

being, perhaps, the greatest orator this world has ever known. He, to begin with, had a weak voice and stammered to such a degree that there were some letters he could not pronounce; he had defective breathing and uncontrollable nervousness—and he had character.

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WILL YOU STEP OUT FOR JESUS?

Tune—Your King and Country Wait You.
This day and generation,
Needs men with courage rare,
To face the fierce temptation,
The hardest fight to share;
And now the Saviour calls you,
To rise and play your part,
In the battle that's before you,
With brave and valiant heart;
So come and join the forces,
And for Jesus make a start.

Chorus.

Will you step out for Jesus?
There's some work for you to do;
For Jehovah, our Captain,
Has need of you.
In The Army we're fighting,
And with all our might and main,
We will keep our flag a-flying,
Till our King comes again.

Oh, wait not for the morrow,
Come now, while yet you may,
The world is full of sorrow,
The need is for to-day;
Take up your cross and bravely
The Spirit's sword to wield;
Put on Salvation's helmet,
Take up Faith's mighty shield;
So side by side with Jesus
We'll help Him win the field.
—S. E. Cox, Captain, Winnipeg.

THERE'S MERCY FOR THEE

Tune—Mercy still for thee, 49;
Haste away to Jesus, 36; S. D. 56.
O wanderer, knowing not the smile
Of Jesus' lovely face,
In darkness living all the while,
Rejecting offered grace!
To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound,
"Thy soul He waits to free;
Thy Saviour hath a ransom found,
There's mercy still for thee."

Chorus.

There's mercy still for thee!
Poor trembling soul, He'll make thee whole,
There's mercy still for thee!

For thee, though sunk in deep despair,
Thy Saviour's Blood was shed;
He for thy sin was as a lamb to
crucial slaughter led,
That thou mightest find, poor sin-sick
soul, a pardon full and free;
What boundless grace, what won-
derous love! There's mercy still
for thee.

WHERE I LOVE TO BE

Tune—Oh, that's the place, 263;
Song Book, 247.
Jesus is my Saviour, this I know,
He has given peace to my heart;
When my soul was burdened, filled
"full of woe,"
Seeking from my sin to part,
Graciously He heard me when I
prayed,
Drew me to His riven side,
There by faith I washed, and so was
saved,
His blood was there applied.

Chorus.

Oh, that's the place where I love
to be,
For mighty wonders there I see!
Would you be blest, then come, live
with me
At the Cross of Jesus.

There I came to Jesus, bound and
led,
Liberty I claimed from my sin;
Ready He gave it, and Oh, so glad
Was my heart then made by Him!
Fetters which had bound me He de-
stroyed.
Blessed is the spot to me

Where I kneel to thank Him, over-
joyed
To find my soul was free!

Would you know the peace which
Jesus gives?
Would you know the joy He be-
stows?
Would you know the strength the
sinner receives
When his heart the Blood o'er-
flows?
Sinners, come along then, let us go
Where the precious Fountain
springs
That can make the sinner white as
snow,
Removing all his sins.

PARS ABOUT PEOPLE.

(Continued from Page 5.)

them to take up their appointment
elsewhere owing to the unhappy war
in progress preventing it.

The General, however, much to the
satisfaction of comrades throughout
the South African Territory, it was
further stated, had in consequence
of the war for the Colonel to remain
in South Africa until the conditions
of the world resumed their normal
state, and that the Colonel during
the interregnum would be attached
to the National Headquarters to as-
sist in important matters, and with
such valuable counsel as his long
and intimate knowledge of South
Africa afforded.

THE INVALID AND THE SALVATION ARMY BAND.

Dear Sir,—I have received a letter
from a friend of mine in Hamilton,
who has been an invalid for many
years, unable to rise out of his chair
without assistance, but his mind is
healthy, and his heart in the right
place. I am sending you a brief ex-
tract from his letter, which I think
will please you and your good work-
ers of The Salvation Army, and en-
courage you in your good work. He
says:—

"Our Christmas Day was the most
joyous of the last nine years. . . .
I had a great treat on Christmas
Eve. The Salvation Army Band—
the first band I have heard for nine
years—played "Nearer, my God, to
Thee," outside my door. The music
was exquisite. The tears rushed to
my eyes as I my soul thrilled at the
beautiful chords of my favourite and
much-loved hymn, and I felt that a
benign Providence was showering
me with the choicest blessings on
this—to so very many poor unfor-
tunate—most unhappy year. When
the man called I found they had
been told there was an invalid in the
house, and with their customary
benevolence they were anxious to
give him pleasure. I did most thor-
oughly enjoy it, for it is years since
I heard any really good music."
I am specially pleased to hear of
this, because my friend's house is at
the extreme end of Queen Street
North, where there are so few
houses that even The Salvation
Army Band is not likely to go, think-
ing to find a large audience, and their
action in this case was particularly
Christlike. Yours truly,—T. W.

A HELPFUL MEETING.

Major Coombs Visits the Reforma-
tory at Guelph, Ont.

Major T. Coombs, of St. John N. B., assisted by Adjutant and Mrs. Adams, conducted a helpful meet-
ing at the Guelph Reformatory on
Sunday afternoon, Jan. 3rd. At the
close many men stood to their feet,
showing their desire to let God lead
them in the days to come.—A. A.

COMING EVENTS

THE COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS

Riverdale—Sunday, Jan. 10.
League of Mercy Gathering, Mon-
day, Jan. 11.
Temple—Tuesday, Jan. 12. United
Soldiers' Meeting, Toronto and
Training College Divisions.
Rhodes Avenue—Wednesday, Jan.
13.
London—Jan. 16-17.
St. Thomas—Monday, Jan. 18.
Frederickton—Friday, Jan. 22.
St. John—Saturday, Jan. 23.
St. John—Sunday and Monday,
Jan. 24-25.
Moncton—Tuesday, Jan. 26.
Amherst—Wednesday, Jan. 27.
Truro—Thursday, Jan. 28.
New Glasgow—Friday, Jan. 29.
Halifax—Saturday and Sunday, Jan.
30-31.
Dartmouth—Monday, Feb. 1.
Montreal—Wednesday, Feb. 3.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Riverdale—Sunday, Jan. 10.
Temple—Tuesday, Jan. 12. United
Soldiers' Meeting, Toronto and
Training College Divisions.
London—Jan. 16-17.
St. Thomas—Monday, Jan. 18.

LIEUT. COLONEL TURNER

Frederickton, Jan. 24; St. John 3, Jan.
25; St. John 1, 2, 4, 5; Moncton,
Jan. 26; Amherst, Jan. 27; Truro,
Jan. 28; New Glasgow, Jan. 29;
Halifax, Jan. 30-31; Dartmouth,
Feb. 1; Montreal, Feb. 3.

LIEUT. COLONEL HARRAVER

London, Jan. 16-17; St. Thomas,
Jan. 18; Frederickton, Jan. 22; St.
John 2, Jan. 23; St. John 1, 2, 4, 5;
Moncton, Jan. 26; Amherst, Jan.
27; Truro, Jan. 28; New Glasgow,
Jan. 29; Halifax, Jan. 30-31; Dart-
mouth, Feb. 1; Montreal, Feb. 3.
(Accepted, pending, and intending
Candidates will please arrange to see
the Colonel.)

LIEUT. COLONEL SMERTON

Earls Court, Jan. 17.

BRIGADIER MCLEAN

Winnipeg 1, Jan. 28; Regina, Jan.
16-18; Fort Frances, Jan. 21; Fort
Arthur, Jan. 23-24; Fort William,
Jan. 25.

BRIGADIER ADY

Niagara Falls, Jan. 13; Millard, Jan.
15; North Bay, Jan. 16-17; Cobalt,
Jan. 18; North Bay, Jan. 19;
Brampton, 20; Barrie, Jan. 21.

BRIGADIER & MRS. PHILLIPS

East Toronto, Jan. 24.

BRIGADIER CAMERON

Chester, Jan. 24.

MAJOR ARNOLD

Earls Court, Jan. 17.

Staff Captain Peacock

Winnipeg 11, Jan. 2-10; Prince Al-
bert, Jan. 16-18; North Battleford,
Jan. 19; Saskatoon, Jan. 20; Re-
gina, Jan. 21; Swift Current,
Jan. 23-24; Moose Jaw, Jan. 25.

THE STAFF SONGSTERS

Earls Court, Jan. 17.

Captain Cox

Winnipeg 1, Jan. 28; Winnipeg 3,
Jan. 16-17; Brandon, Jan. 23-24.

Captain Clayton

Halifax, Jan. 10; New Lisburn,
Jan. 17; Cobalt, 18; North Bay,
Jan. 19; Huntsville, Jan. 20;
Orillia, Jan. 21.

Captain Little

Aurora, Jan. 16-17.

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

Headquarters: 101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1915. W. J. Richards, Commissioner. Price Five Cents.



SEVERAL CALLED TO INTERCEDE WITH THE PARENTS ON BEHALF OF THE WANDERER. BUT THERE WAS NO NEED OF INTERCESSION. HIS RETURN WAS AN EVENT OF JOY. (See Page Three.)